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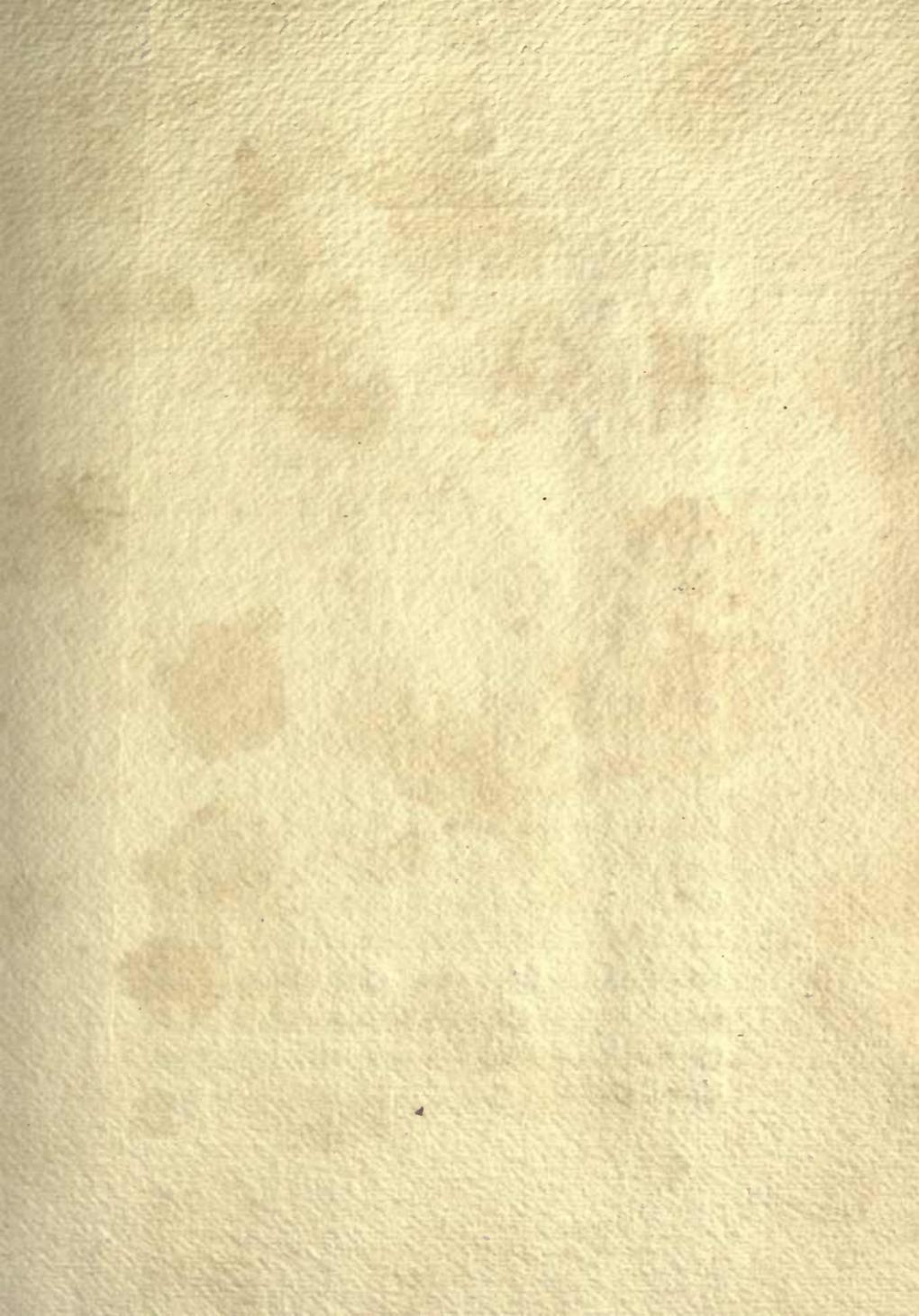
Ode in Honour
of
H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany.

on the occasion of her
Opening
The New Spanish and Portuguese
Jews Congregational Schools.



February 10th, 1897.





Ode.

First
Girl.

MHAT a bright scene! it seems to me to-day
No school-house ever yet appeared so gay,
This building large and airy, clean and new,
Is just what we have wanted, it is true;
And yet **J** think we should not be so glad,
To leave old friends is just a little sad.

Second.
Girl.

Yes, the old school was dear, it was the first
We **J**ews had ever dared to build, when burst
The flame of tolerance—just a tiny spark
Which grew, and grew, and brightened, till the dark
Mas all illumined by sweet freedom's ray,
And so! we **J**ews of **B**ritish birth, to-day
Cleared from all accusations dare to stand
Upright and free in our dear native land.
The long black night of ignorance and scorn
Has rolled away and breaks the smiling morn.
No more 'twixt life and conscience must we choose,
We dare proclaim ourselves as loyal **J**ews,
Loyal to the **L**aw which **G**od has made our own,
Loyal to dear **E**ngland's laws and to the **T**hrone.
And now for us when once more open wide
The "Gates of **H**ope," with friends on every side,

That this great day a great success be made,
A kindly Princess lends her generous aid.
First. I thought Princesses dressed in glittering gems,
And on their heads wore sparkling diadems;
I thought they wandered forth on milk-white steeds,
And never knew about the common needs
Of humbler folk, obeying no fixed rules,—
Who could have dreamt they'd care for our new schools!
In all my picture books they look so grand
To me a Princess sounds like fairy-land.

Second. And well it may, Princesses kind and sweet
Just make a fairy-land for all they meet.
The sparkle of rich gems one soon forgets,
But oh, "kind hearts are more than coronets."
And this dear fairy lady, ever since
She left her home to wed our English Prince,
Has done kind deeds, the poor and lonely cheered,
Albany's name through her is more endeared.
First. What can we do to show how much we feel,
How days like these do to our hearts appeal?

Second. What can we do? why live the lives we should,
Try to be helpful, humble, kind and good,
Small though it be yet cultivate some grace
To add another virtue to our race.
And let us be, as Israel still has been,
True to our God, our Country, and our Queen.

Re Henry.



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